

For Dyspepsia. Nick Headache. Impurity of the

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-biade, mistaken for Rheumatiam; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful considerable loss of memory, accompanied which eight to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attepdant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debuilty; nervous, easily startled; fest cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensition of the skin exists; opinis are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every reinedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Un-healthy Localities, by taking a dose occasion-ally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Billious attacks, Dizziness, Nau-sca, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no in-toxicating boverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleep-less at night, take a dose and you will be relieved. Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved

by always keeping the Regulator
in the Rouse!
For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alternitive and tonic, can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE, has all the power and efficacy of Calomel came, without any of the injurious after effect

A Governor's Testimony.

Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my nily for some time, and I am satisfied it is a numble addition to the medical science.

J. Gitt. Shorter, Governor of Ala. Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

further trial.

"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seums the only thing that never fails to relieve.

P. M. JANNEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Mason assay: From actual ex-

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual ex-perience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

A MATTER OF FACT ROMANCE.

By CHARLES READE. CHAPTER I.

George Fielding cultivated a small farm in Berkshire.

they been as intelligent as other traders,

where the lively, the severe, the industrious, the lazy, are fractured alike.

George Fielding was, a few years ago, assisted by his brother William, and tilled

any in Berkshire. It was four hundred acres, all arable,

stump, to show for this word "Grove," veyor. There had been trees in "The Grove," only the title had outlived the timber a few cen-

Fielding might have been seen near his to the more candid the known qualities of him. own homestead conversing with the Hon- the man accounted for his life of success.

orable Frank Winchester. This gentleman was a character that will be common some day, but was nearly

unique at the date of our story, He had not an extraordinary intellect

but he had great natural gayety, and under soul of business-method! that he had enormous good sense. His good sense was really brilliant; he had a sort of universal, healthy mind that I can't understand how people get.

He was deeply in love with a lady who returned his passion, but she was hopelessly out of his reach, because he had not much money or expectations. Instead of put to it, doesn't it?" sitting down railing, or sauntering about whining, what did Honorable Frank Winchester? looked over England for the means of get. as poor as death." ting this money; and not finding it there, he surveyed the globe, and selected Australia, where they told him a little money turned to a deal, instead of dissolving in the hand like a lozenge in the mouth, as it

So here was an earl's son (in this age of commonplace events) going to Australia the flail going." with five thousand pounds, as slivep farmer

and general speculator. Fielding to accompany him as bailiff, or agricultural adviser and manager.

He knew the young man's value, but to do him justice, his aim was not purely selfish. He was aware that Fielding had a tone-he had said: "Well, their father was thd bargain in "The Grove," and the farm- a safe man;" but the accent with which he er had saved his life at great personal risk eulogized the parent had somehow locked one day that he was seized with cramp, the bank cash-box to the children. bathing in the turbid waters of Cleve millpool, and he wanted to serve him in return. This was not his first attempt of the kind, being cousins-" and but for one reason, perhaps he might

have succeeded. Mr. Winchester to George Fielding; "I er, isn't she?" must have somebody to put me in the way; stay with me one year, and after that I'll square accounts with you about that thun- is law. You see she is a very religious

Oh, Mr. Winchester, said George, hastily, and blushing like fire, "that's an old her, but there-all that is your affair, not story, sir!" with a sweet, little, half-sunning mine," added he. smile that he was glad if it was not forgot-

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and a run for them, and we will both come home rich, and, consequently, respectable," offer, and like yourself, sir; but transplantme, sir; it's like taking up an oak tree merchandise. thirty years in the ground; besides-besides-did you ever notice my cousin Susan, sir?"

"Notice her! why, do you think I am a heathen, and never go to the parish church! and invited Meadows into the parlor of the Miss Merton is a lovely girl; she sits in the pew by the pillar."

"Isn't she, sir!" said George. Mr. Winchester endeavored to turn this dverse topic in his favor; he made a remark that produced no effect at the time. He said; "People don't go to Australia to die-they go to Australia to make money, and come home and marry; and it is what you must do; this 'Grove' is a millstone around your neck. Will you have a cigar,

George consented, and after drawing a off or two he took the cigar from his nouth, and looking at, said: "I say, sir, it cems to me the fire is uncommon near the chimbly." Mr. Winchester laughed; he then asked George to show him the blacksmith's shop. "I must learn how to shoe a horse," said the honorable Frank.

"Well, I never!" thought George: "the first nob in the country going to shoe a horse;" but with his rustic delicacy he said nothing, but led Mr. Winchester to the blacksmith's shop.

Whilst this young gentleman is hammerng nails into a horse's foot, and Australia into an English farmer's mind, we must inroduce other personages.

Susan Merton was beautiful and good; leorge Fielding and she were acknowledged lovers, but marriage was not spoken of as a near event, and latterly old Merton had seemed cool whenever his daughter mentioned the young man's name.

Susan appeared to like George, though not so warmly as he loved her; but at all events she accepted no other proffers of love; for all that, she had, besides a host of admirers, other lovers besides George; and, what is a great deal more singular (for a woman's eye is quick as lightning in finding out who loves her), there was more than one of whose passion she was not couscione.

years ago, the farmers of England, had William Fielding, George's brother, was in love with his brother's sweetheart; but, could have purchased the English soil by though be trembled with pleasure when she means of the huge percentage it offered was near him, he never looked at her except by stealth; he knew that he had no business to love her.

be as sharp as his neighbors, or, like his On the morning of our tale, Susan's fathneighbors, he will break. What do I say, er, old Merton, had walked over from his There are soils and situations where, in farm to "The Grove," and was inspecting spite of intelligence and sobriety, he is al- a field behind George's house, when he was st sure to break; just as there are shops accosted by his friend, Mr. Meadows, who inson, "and let him accept it. The Farnhad seen him, and, giving his horse to a boy to hold, had cressed the stubbles to speak to him.

Mr. Meadows was not a common man. "The Grove"-as nasty a little farm as and merits some preliminary notice. He was what is called in the country "a lucky money; and then Susan Merton was to dine man;" every thing he had done in life had at "The Grove" to-day, and this, though and most of it poor, sour land. George's prospered. The neighbors admired, refather had one hundred acres of grass with spected and some of them even hated this it, but this had been separated six years respectable man, who had been a carter in the midst of them, and now at forty years

"All this money can not have been hon estly got," said the envious ones among themselves; yet they could not put their

This John Mendows had a cool head, an iron will, a body and mind alike indefatigable, and an eye never diverted from the great objects of sober, industrious menwealth and respectability; he had also the

In person he was a tall, stout man, with iron-gray bair a healthy, weather-colored complexion and a massive brow that snoke to the depth and force of the man's charac-

"What, taking a look at the farm, Mr. Merton? It wants some of your grass to "I never thought much of the farm," the reply; "it lies cold; the sixty-acre field" He is well enough, but the land on the hill is

> Now this idea, which Merton gave out as his, had dropped into him from Meadows, three weeks before.

> "Farmer," said Meadows, in an underione, "they are thrashing out new wheat

> "You don't say so? why I didn't hear "They have just knocked off for dinner

you need not say I told you, but Will Field-He was trying hard to persuade George ing was at the bank this morning, trying to get money on their bill, and the bank said No! They had my good word, too. The people of the bank sent over to me." They had his good word, but not his good

"I never liked it, especially of late," mus-

ed Merton. "But you see the young folks "That is it, cousins," put in Meadows;

"it is not as if she loved him with all her "You know me and I know you," said heart and soul; she is an obedient daught-"Never gainsaid me in her life; ahe has

a high spirit, but never with me; my word girl, is Susan.

"Well, then, a word from you would save

"Of course it is," was the reply. "You are a true friend; I'll step round to the "Not quite," replied the young gentle- barn and see what is doing," and away man, dryly; "you shall five hundred sheep went Susan's father, uncasy in his mind.

village public-house, to see what farmers "It is a handsome offer, sir, and a kind wanted to borrow a little money under the rose, and would pawn their wheat-ricks, and ing one of us," continued George; "dear pay twenty per cent. for that overrated

> At the door of the public-house he was of gentlemanly address and clerical appearance; the constable wore a mysterious look public-house.

"I have news for you, sir," said he, "leastwise I think so; your pocket was picked last Martinmas fair of three Farnborough bank-notes with your name on the back?"

"It was." "Is this one of them?" said the man, producing a note.

Meadows examined it with interest compared the number with a memorandum in his pocket-book, and pronounced that it "Who passed it?" inquired he.

"A chap that has got the rest-a stranger -Robinson-that lodges at 'The Grove' with George Fielding; that is, if his name ic Robinson, but we think he is a Londoner come down to take an airing. You understand, sir?"

Meadow's eyes flashed actual fire; for so rich a man, he seemed wonderfully excited by this circumstance.

To an inquiry who was his companion, the constable answered, soito roce,"Gentleman from Bow street, come to see if he knows him." The constable went on to inform Meadows that Cobinson was out fishing some where, otherwise they would already have taken him; "but we will hang about the farm, and take him when he comes home.

"You had better be at hand, sir, to identify the notes," said the gentleman from Bow street, whose appearance was clerical. Meadows had important business, five miles off; he postponed it. He wrote a line in pencil, put a boy upon his black mare and hurried him off to the rendezvous, while he stayed, and entered with strange alacrity into this affair. "Stay," cried he, If he is an old hand he will twig the offi-

"Oh, I'm dark, sir," was the answer; "he won't know me till I put the darbies on The two men then strolled as far as the

village stocks, keeping an eye over on the farm-house. Thus a network of events was closing

about George Fielding this day. He was all unconscious of them; he was n good spirits. Robinson had shown him how to remove the temporary embarrass-

ment that had lately depressed him. "Draw a bill on your brother," said Robborough bank will give you notes for it these country banks like any paper better than their own. I dare say they are right.' George had done this, and expected Wil-

liam every minute with this and other not uncommon, was always a great event with poor George.

Robinson, who had no idea how he was keeping people waiting, fished tranquilly of age was a rich corn-factor and land sur- till near dinner-time, neither taking nor being taken.

This detained Meadows in the neighborhood of the farm, and was the cause of his recourts with a very singular personage, finger on any dishonest action he had done; whose visit, he knew at sight, must be to

As he hovered about among George Fielding's ricks, the figure of an old man slightly bowed, but full of vigor, stood before him. He had a long gray beard, with a slight division in the center, hair abundant, but almost white, and a dark swarthy complexion that did not belong to England; his thick eyebrows also were darker than his hair, and under them was an eye like a royal jewel; his voice had the Oriental richness and modulation. This old man was Isaac Levi, an Oriental Jew, who had passed half his life under the sun's eye, an now, though the town of Farnborough had long been too accustomed to him to wonder at him, he dazzled any thoughtful stranger, so exotic and apart was heso romantic a grain in a heap of vulgarity; he was as though a striped jasper had crept in among the paving-stones of their market-place, or a Cactus grandi-flora shope amongst the nettles of a Berkshire

Isaac Levi, unlike most Jews, was familiar with the Hebrew tongue, and this and the Eastern habits of his youth colored his language and his thoughts, especially in his moments of emotion, and, above all, when he forgot the money-lender for a moment, and felt and thought as one of the great nation, depressed, but waiting for a great deliverance. He was a man of au-

thority and learning in his tribe. At sight of Isaac Levi, Meadows' brow lowered, and he called out rather rudely, without allowing the old gentleman to speak, "If you are come to talk to me about that house you are in, you may keep

your breath to cool your porridge." Meadows had bought the house Isaac rented, and had instantly given him warning to leave.

Lane, who had become strangely attached to the only place in which he had ever lived many years, had not doubted for a noment that Meadows merely meant to raise the rent to its full value, so he had come to treat with his new landlord. "Mr. Meadows," said he, persuasively, "I have lived there twenty years-I pay a fair rent. but if you think any one would give you nore, you shall lose nothing by me. I rent is secure ?" "I do." was the answer.

"Thank you, sir! well, then-"

out, bag and baggage."

when this hair was brown I traveled in the May all the good luck you have be wormin Bagdad, Ispahan, Mecca, and Bassora, met by the village constable and a stranger | and found no rest. When my hair began | pant for it, and lose it; may it sport and | He muttered: "One more down to your Rome, and Paris, Vienna, and Lisbon, and Gehenna burns your soul upon earth." other Western cities, and found no rest. I the God of my fathers gave me my wife, and here he took her to himself again-"

"What the deuce is all this to me, man?" men speak well of you; be patient, and at his head. hear me. Two children were born to me Fortunate for Isaac, wood encountered and died from me in the house you have leather instead of gray hairs. bought; and there my Leab died also; and there at times in the silent hours I seem to seen in their frenzy by either of these anhear their voices and their feet. In an- tagonists, young George Fielding had other house I shall never hear them-I drawn near them. He had, luckily, a stout shall be quite alone. Have pity on me pig-whip in his hand, and by an adroit as much for the affront as the disappoint sir, an aged and a lonely man; tear me turn of his muscular wrist he parried a ment. prevail with you ?"

"No!" was the stern answer.

"No!" cried Levi, a sudden light darting into his eye; "then you must be an enemy of Isaac Levi?"

"Yes!" was the grim reply to this rapid inference "Ah!" cried the old Jew, with a sudden

defiance, which he instantly suppressed. mity, sir?" said he, in a tone crushed by main force into mere regret. "You lend money."

"A little, sir, now and then-a very lit-

"That is to say, when the security is bad, you have no money in hand; but, when the bottom of Isaac Levi's purse."

"Our people," said Isaac, apologetically, can trust one another; they are not like yours. We are brothers, and that is why money is always forthcoming when the deposits are sound '

"Well," said Meadows, "what you are I am; what I do on the sly you do on the sly, old thirty per cent."

"The world is wide enough for us both, good sir-"

"It is!" was the prompt reply. "And it for the little town of Farnborough is not wide enough for me and any man that works my business for his own pocket-"

"But this is not enmity, sir." Meadows gave a coarsish laugh. "You are hard to please," cried he. "I think you will find it is enmity."

"Nay, sir; this is but matter of profit and loss. Well, let me stay, and I promise you industrious, and skillful in all bargains. but we keep faith and covenant. So be it. Let us be friends. I covenant with you, and I swear by the tables of the law, you shall not lose one shilling per annum by

"I'll trust you as far as I can fling a bull by the tail. You gave me your history, take mine. I have always put my foot on whatever man or thing has slood in my way. I was poor, I am rich, and that is

"It is frail policy," said Isaac, firmly, Some man will be sure to put his foot on

you, soon or late." "What! do you threaten me?" roated

Meadows. "No, sir," said Isaac, gently, but steadily. "I but tell you what these old eyes have seen in every nation, and read in books that never lie. Goliah defied armies, yet he fell like a pigeon by a shepherd boy's sling. Samson tore a lion in pieces with his hands, but a woman laid nim low. No man can defy us all sir! The strong man is sure to find one as strong and more skillful; the cunning man one as adroit and stronger than himself. Be advised then, do not trample upon one of my people. Nations and men that oppress us do not thrive. Let me have to bless you. An old man's blessing is gold. See these gray hairs; my sorrows have been as many as they. His share of the curse that is upon his tribe has fallen upon Isaac Levi. Then, stretching out his hands with a slight but touching gesture, he said : I have been driven to and fro like a leaf bese many years, and now I long for rest. Let me rest in my little tent till I rest forever. Oh, let me die where those I loved

ing, a little surprised and touched by this; Age, sorrow and eloquence pleaded in rain, for they were wasted, on the rock of rocks, a strong will and a vulgar soul.

have died, and there let me be buried.

I am almost ashamed to give the respectable Western brute's answer.

"What! you quote scripture, ch? thought you did not believe in that. Hear t'other side. Abraham and Lot couldn't live in the same place, because they both kept sheep, and we can't because we fleeco em. So Abraham gave Lot warning, as I give it to you. And as for dying on my premises, if you like to bang yourself before next Lady-day I give you leave, but in my garden.'

Black lightning poured from the old Jew's eyes, and his pent-up wrath burst out like an Englishman.

like lava from an angry mountain. "Irreverent cur! do you rail on the creed would abhor you, for he, they say, was pitiful. I spit upon ye, and I curse ye. Be accursed!" And, flinging up his hands like St. Paul at Lystra, he rose to double his height, and towered at his insulter with will pay a little more; and you know your a sudden Eastern fury that for a moment corn-factor's plans. When at one and the shook even the iron Meadows. "Be ac- same moment he grasped George's hand cursed!" he yelled again. "Whatever is and darted a long, lingering glance of dethe secret wish of your black heart. Heav- monical hatred on Meadows, he coupled

"Well, then, next Lady-day you turn en look on my gray hairs that you have two sentiments by pure chance, and Meadinsulted, and wither that wish. "Ah, ha," owe knew this, but still it struck Mendows "Nay, sir," said Isaac Levi, "hear me, for he screamed, "you wince! All men have as singular and outinous. you are younger than I. Mr. Meadows, secret wishes-Heaven fight against yours. East: I sojourned in Madras and Benares, wood for want of that-that-that-that, tires, and felt his own power; an old Jew's May you be near it, close to it, upon it, to turn gray, I traded in Petersburg, and smile, and laugh, and play with you till account, George Fielding," and left the

The old man's fiery forked tongue dartcame to this little town, where, least of all, ed so keen and true to some sore in his ad-I thought to pitch my tent for life, but here versary's heart that he in turn lost his habitual self-command

White and black with passion, he wheeled around on Isaac with a fierce snarl, and "Much, sir, if you are what men say, for lifting his stick discharged a furious blow

Attracted by the raised voices, and unnot from the shadows of my dead. Let me blow that would have stopped the old Jew's eloquence perhaps forever. As it was, the corn-factor's stick cut like a razor through the air, and made a most musical whir within a foot of the Jew's car; the basilisk look of venom and vengeance he instantly shot back amounted to a stab.

"Not if I know it," said George. And he stood cool and erect, with a calm, manly air of defiance between the two belliger-'And what have I done to gain your en- ents. While the stick and the whip still remained in contact, Meadows glared at Isaac's champion with surprise and wrath, and a sort of half fear, balf wonder that this, of all men in the world, should be the one to cross with and thwart him. "You are joking, Master Meadows," said George, coolly. "Why, the mun is twice your age, the security is good, nobody has ever found and nothing in his hand but his fist. Who are ye, old man, and what d'ye want? It's

you for enrsing, anyway." "He insults me," cried Meadows, "because I won't have him for a tenant against my will. Who is he? A villian-

"Yes, young man," said the other, sad'y, "I am Isaac Levi, a Jew. And what is your religion?" (he turned upon Meadheathen? Ye lie, ye cur; the heathens lies before you, Isaac. Go where you like, were not without starlight from beaven; can't-well, yes," said he, suddenly change

they respected sorrow and gray hairs." "You shall smart for this; I'll show you fingers grasped his stick convulsively.

"Don't you be so aggravating, old man, said the good-natured George; "and you, Mr. Meadows, should know how to make light of an old man's tongue. Why, it' like a woman's, it's all he has got to hit with; leastways you musn't lift hand to him on my premises, or you will have to settle with me first , and I don't think that would suit your book or any man's for a mile or two around about Farnborough," said George, with his little Berkshire

drawl. "He!" shricked Isaac, "he dare not! see! see!" and he pointed nearly into the man's eyes, "be doesn't look you in the face. Any soul that has read men from East to West can see lion in your eye, young man,

and cowardly wolf in his !" "Lady-day! Lady-day!" snorted Mead

ows, who was now shaking with suppress-

ed rage. "Ab!" cried Isanc, and be turned white and quivered in his turn. "Lady-day !" said George, uneasily.

confound Lady-day, and every day of the

sort; there, don't you be so spiteful, old

man. Why, if he isn't all of a tremble, poor old man." He went to his own door and called-"Sarah!" A stout servant girl answered the sum-

"Take the old man in and give him whatever is going, and his mug and pipe.' Then he whispered her, "And don't go lumping the china down under his nose

"I thank you, young man," faltered Isanc, "I must not eat with you, but I will go in and rest my limbs, which fail me, and compose myself, for passion is unseemly at my years."

Arrived at the door, he suddenly paused and looking upward, said : Peace be under this roof, and comfort and love follow me into this dwelling." "Thank ye kindly," said young Field-

"how old are you, daddy, if you please?" added he, respectfully. "My son, I am threescore years and ten -a man of years and grief, grief for myself, grief still more for my nation and city Men that are men pity us; men that are

dogs have insulted us in all ages." "Well," said the good-natured youn man, soothingly, "don't you vex yourself any more about it. Now you gonia, and forget all your trouble awhile, please God, by my fireside, my poor old man."

Isaac turned, the water came to his eyes at this after being insulted so, a little after Lady-day no more Jewish dogs shall struggle took place in him, but nature con die in my house nor be buried for manure quered prejudice and certain rubbish he called religion. He held out his hand like | band with him. the king of all Asia; George grasped it "Isaac Levi is your friend;" and the ex-

pression of the man's whole face and body flicted of Heaven? The founder of your showed these words carried with them a meaning unknown in good society. He entered the house, and young Fielding stood watching him with a natural

The misgiving however, was but me mentary; Mendows respected his own mowild fury could not slake his confidence. young man watching Isanc's retreating

William Fielding rode up at this moment from Farnborough.

"Better late than never," said the elder brother, impatiently.

"Couldn't get away sooner, George here's the money for the sheep, £13 10s.; no offer for the cow, Jem is driving her home.

"Well, but the money-the £80, Will?" William looked sulkily down.

"I haven't got it, George; there's your draft again; the bank wouldn't take it." A keen pang shot across George's face

"They wouldn't take it!" gasped he "Ay, Will, our credit is down; the whole town knows our rent is overdue. I suppose you know money must be got some way.' "Any way is better than threshing out new wheat at such a price," said William sullenly. "Ask a loan of a neighbor."

"Oh, Will," appealed George, "To ask a loan of a neighbor and be denied; it is bitterer than death. You can do it.

"I! am I master here?" retorted younger. "The farm is not farmed my way, nor ever was. No; give me the plowhandle and I'll cut the furrow, George." "Who shall I ask ?" said George.

'Uncle Merton, or-or-Mr. Meadows the corn-factor, he lends money at times to friends. It would not be much to either of

"Show my empty pockets to Susan's father! Oh, Will! how can you be so cru-

"Meadows, then." "No use for me, I've just offended him a bit: besides he's a man that never knew trouble or ill luck in his life; they are like

flints, all that sort." "Well, look here, I'm pretty well with ows). "It never came out of Judea in Meadows. I'll ask him if you will try unany name or shape. Dye call yourself a cle : the first that meets his man to begin." "That sounds fair," said George, "but I

ple cunting and lowered eyes; but suddenwhat my rel gion is," said Meadows, inad- ly raising them he said cheerfully: "Why, vertent with passion, and the corn-factor's you're in luck, Bill, here's your man," and he shot like an arrow into his own kitchen.

> caught." Meadows, it is to be observed, was wandering about the premises until such time however, the more impetuous, was brothers were arguing he had been in the barn, and finding old Merton there, had worked still higher that prudent man's determination to break off matters between his daughter and the farmer of "The sion.

Grove. After the usual salutation, William Fielding, sore against the grain, began: "I did not know you were here, sir!

want to speak to you." "I am at your service, Mr. Willum." "Well, sir. George and I are a little short just at present; it is only for a time; and George says he should take it very kind if you would lend us a hundred pound

just to help us over the stile." "Why, Mr. Willam," replied Meadows, "I should be delighted; and if you had only asked me vesterday I could have done it as easy as stand here; but my business drinks a deal of money, Mr. Willum, and I laid out all my loose cash yesterday; but, of course, it is of no consequence-another

time-good morning Mr. Willum. Away sauntered Meadows, leaving Wil liam planted there, as the French say.

George ran out of the kitchen: "He says he has got no money loose." "He is a liar. He paid £1500 into the

"No; what use? A man that lies to avoid lending won't be driven to lend." "You don't play fair," retorted George. You could have got it from Meadows if

bank yesterday, and you know it; didn't

you tell him so?"

you had a mind; but you want to drive your poor brother against his sweetheart's ers, let alone our own blood. father; you are false, my lad." "You are the only man that ever said so: and you durstn't say it if you weren't my

brother. "If it wasn't for that I'd say a deal

more. "Well, show your high stomach to Uncle Merton, for there he is. Hy! uncle!" cried William to Merton, who turned instantly and came toward them. "George wants to speak to you," said William, and shot like a cross-bow bolt behind the

house. "That is lucky," said Merton, "for want to speak to you."

"Who would have thought of his being about ?" muttered George. Whilst George was calling up his courage and wits to open his subject, Mr. Merton, sion, Susan, about nothing," said George, who had no such difficulties, was before-

"You are threshing out new wheat?" said Merton, gravely. "Yes," answered George, looking down.

"That is a bad lookout; a farmer has no business to go to his barn-door for his "Where is he to go, then ? to the church

door, and ask for a miracle 2" "No; to his shipfold, to be sure."

"Ay, you can: you have got grass and water, and every thing to band." "And so must you, young man, or you'll "You are a fine lad, and I like you very well, but I love my own daughter better."

"So do I!" said George, simply. "And I must look out for her," resumed Merton. "I have seen a pretty while how things are going here, and, if she marries you, she will have to keep you instead of

"Heaven forbid! things are not so bad as

that, uncle." "You are too much of a man, I hope," continued Merton,"to eat a woman's bread; and if you are not, I am man snough to

George, with a trembling lip, and scarce able to utter the words.

I say, she'll stand to; and I hope you know better than to tempt her to disobey me; you wouldn't succeed."

"Enough said," answered George, very sternly. "Enough said, old man; I've no need to tempt any girl."

stumped Merton.

ful old thief)." "William," cried he to his brother, who came the next minute to hear the news, our mother took him out of the dirt-I

"Well, will be lend the money?" "I never asked him." "You never asked him !" cried William, "Bill, he began upon me in a moment," said George, looking appealingly into his

hill, and he as good as bade me think no. more of Susan

help us over the stile; he's your own blood." "You wanted to let me down lower than I would let that Carlo dog of yours. You're no brather of mine,"retorted George, fierce-

other, sullenly. "I asked Meadows, and he said no. You fell talking with uncle about Susan, and never put the question to him at all. Who is the false one, ch?"

bragging George !" "What, you will have it, then?"

give you something to put you on your mettle; the best man shall farm'The Grove, and the other shall be a servant on it, or go elsewhere, for I am sick of this."

shook hands, and then retired each one sten and began to fight. And how came these two honest men to forget that the blood they proposed to shed was thicker than water? Was it the farm,

The secret, subtle influence of jealousy had long been fermenting, and now it ex-"Confound it," said the other; "fairly ploded in this way and under this disguise.

They sparred and feinted with wary eye before they ventured to close; George, as Robinson should return; and whilst the ing to come to closer quarters when, all of a sudden, to the other's surprise, he dropped his hands by his sides and turned the other way with a face any thing but war-

> and then William partook of his brother's uneasiness; however, he put his hands in his pockets and began to saunter about in a circumference of three yards and to get up a would-be careless whistle, whilst George's hands became dreadfully in his way, so he washed them in the air.

William followed the direction of his eye.

ful pantomime, a beautiful young woman glided rapidly between the brothers. Her first words renewed their uneasiness

George looked at William; William had nothing ready. So George said, with some hesitation, but in a melifluous voice, "William was show-

the lady; "the first you ever told me." (George colored.) "You were fighting you two boys; I saw your eyes flash.' The rueful wink exchanged by the com-

"Yes it is a sin Susan," said William, his

"La, Susan," said George, with a doleful whine; "I wasn't going to shed the beggar's blood. I was only going to give him a hid-

liam, coolly. "That's more likely," said Susan, "George, take William's hand-take it this instant, I say!" oried she, with an air imperative and

coaxingly. They took hands. She made them hold each other by the hand, which they did with

both their heads hanging down. "Whilst I

speak a word to you two," said Susan Mer-

"Is all the blame to fall on my head?" said George, letting go William's hand with

Susan is an obedient daughter. What

"Good morning, George!" and away

"Good morning, Unele Merton (ungrate-

have heard her say as much-or he'd not have a shipfold to brag of. Oh, my heart

-oh Will-"

brother's face; "he sees we are going down

"Well," said the other harsbly, "it was your business to own the truth, and ask him

ly and bitterly. "A bargain is a bargain," replied the

"If you call me false I'll knock your ugly head off, sulky Bill." "You're false, and a fool into the bargain.

"If you can give it me." "Well, if it is to be," said George, "I'll

"And so am I," eried William, hasrily, and have been any time these two years." They tucked up their sleeves a little.

ing his mind. "I agree," said he, with simmoney, agricultural dissention, temper? They would have told you it was, and perhaps thought it was. It was Susan Merron ?

like, fear being now the prominent expres-

Whilst they were employed in this peace-

"What is this?" cried she, haughtily; and she looked from one to the other like a queen rebaking her subjects.

ing me-a trick-he learned at the fair. That is all, Susan." "That is a falsehood, George," replied

batants at this stroke of sagacity was truly "Oh, fie! oh, fie! Brothers by one mothor fighting in a Christian land, within a stone's throw of a church, where brotherly love is preached as a debt we owe to strang-

conscience suddenly illuminated; "so I ask your pardon, Susan. "Oh, it wasn't your fault, I'll be bound." was the gracious reply. "What a ruffian you must be, George, to shed your brother's

ing for his impudence." "Or take one for your own," replied Wil-

impatient. "Well, why not? Don't you go in a pas-

"You ought both to go down on your knees and thank Providence that sent me here to prevent so great a crime. And as for you your character must greatly change George Fielding, before I trust myself to live in a house of yours."

never be a farmer. Now, George, I must no great apparent reluctance. apeak to you seriously." (George winced.)

keep the girl from it." "Is this from Susan as well as you?" said